Cap. I cannot draw a Cart, nor eate dryed oates,
If it be mans worke, Ile doo't.

Enter the Duke, the two Ladies, and others.

Alb. Sir you haue shewne to day your valiant straine,
And Fortune led you well: you haue the Captiues
That were the opposites of this dayes strife:
We do require then of you so to vse them,
As we shall finde their merits, and our safety
May equally determine.
Bast. Sir I thought it fit,
To send the olde and miserable King
To some retention, and appointed guard,
Whose age has charmes in it, whose Title more,
To plucke the common blossomes of his side,
And turne our impresst Launces in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queene:
My reason all the same, and they are ready to morrow,
Or at a further space, to appeare where you shall hold
Your Session at this time: we sweate and bleed,
The friend hath lost his friend, and the best quarrels
In the heate are curst by those that feele their sharpenesse.
The question of *Cordelia* and her father
Requires a fitter place,
Alb. Sir by your patience,
I hold you but a subiect of this warre, not as a brother.
Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinkes our pleasure should haue beene demanded
Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our powers,
Bore the Commission of my place and person,
The which immediate may well stand vp,
And call it selfe your brother.
Gon. Not so hot: in his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,
More then in your aduancement.
Reg. In my right by me inuested, he compeers the best.
Con. That were the most, if he should husband you.
Reg. Iesters do oft proue Prophets.

Gonor.

Gon. Hola, hola, that ey
Reg. Lady I am not wel
From a full flowing stom
Take thou my soldiers, p
Witnesse the world, that
My Lord and master.
Gon. Meane you to eni
Alb. The let alone lies
Bast. Nor in thine Lor
Alb. Halfe blooded fel
Bast. Let the drum stri
Alb. Stay yet, heare re
On capitall treason; and
This gilded Serpent: for
I bare it in the interest o
Tis she is subcontracted
And I her husband contr
If you will marry, make
My Lady is bespoke. Th
If none appeare to proue
Thy hainous, manifest,
There is my pledge, Ile
Ere I taste bread, thou a
Then I haue heere proc
Reg. Sicke, o sicke.
Gon. If not, Ile nere t
Bast. Ther's my exch
That names me traitor,
Call by thy Trumpet, h
On him, on you, who n
My truth and honor fir
Alb. A Herald ho.
Bast. A herald ho, a
Alb. Trust to thy s
All leuied in my name,
Reg. This sicknesse
Alb. She is not wel

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